## FUN AT THE BATTERY BATH

DISCOVERIES MADE BY TWO GIRLS ON A WOMEN'S DAY.

The Welcome They Got from the Bathers-The Accomplished Swimmers and Regu-The Women Who Prequent the Bath.

These are great days for the women and chilteen who patronize the free baths. The one at the Battery is said to be the most popular, as well as the longest established in the city, and no visitor who goes there on one of the days when it is open to women is Inclined to dispute the claim. The Battery bath opened on the first day of June and will remain open until the first of October. Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays are set apart for women and girls, who flock there in great numbers between the hours of 5 o'clock in the morning and 9 at night. The other days are for men and boys, who also have the privilege of going in Sundays up to noon. Two young women dropped in there one day last week when the hot wave was at its top notch. That wasn't anything extraordinary, for on that day a thousand other young women visited the bath, to say nothing of the same numher of elderly women and as many children if not more. But there was something extraordinary about these two young women. They'd never so much as seen the outside of a public bath before, and all their ideas of sea bathing they had got from the swellest shore resorts. But here they were, rushing down the elevated stors at South Forry and scurrying westward as fast as they could to get a peep at a public bath. They felt a pleasant sense of adventure as they hastened along and laughed that half hysterical, wholly exultant laugh that women always utter when they think they are doing something they should not do They stepped upon the sloping gangway leading down to the bathhouse (it is a floating structure) right behind a relay from the First ward led by a 300-pounder.
"Say, this is going to be great fun!" said the

'Immensel" replied the short one.

When they got to the door, to their surprise 'Do you wish to take a bath?" asked a sweetfaced woman who, with two others, has had charge of the place on the bathing days for

women for four years.
"No-o," answered the tall girl, "we only "I'm sorry," said the attendant, "but one of the rules is that no spectators are allowed to

stand on the platform. 'What a shame!' exclaimed the little one, a merry brunette, "for we are so interested in all charitable enterprises."

This piece of news astounded her companion but she was quick enough to add: Yes, all problems relating to the betterment

of the condition of the poor interest us." attendant to her assistants, heaitatingly.

No, let them go in," they answered together, without waiting for her to finish her sentence, and the two girls tripped through the open door to the platform. The screeches and screams and shricks of every degree of nervousness, fear, and happiness that had come to them on the outside had in no way prepared them for the sight that met their eyes. The pool is a large one and divided into two sections, the bigger being four and one-half feet deep, and the other, which is for children, only two and a half feet deep. Both were as full as they could be and deep. Both were as full as they could be and crowds of women and children stood on the platform ready to dive in as soon as the welcome sound of the bell should call the others out of the water. It was great fun to watch the bathers. Many strong, athletic girls and women were swimming round and round the big tank with a powerful side stroke; some were diving, others were floating, and still others got all the fun they wanted out of floundering around. In the little tank children from three years up wallowed around like young seals. Those who could swim seemed to spend most of their time under the water, coming up at unexpected moments and in unexpected places to breathe, and then down they would go again.

The two visitors watched the scene in silence at first. The bathers themselves were quick to perceive that the two girls were there to see and not to bathe. They didn't like being a free show, and at first the women and big girls crawled up on the two ropes stretched across the big pool and sat on them, watching the intruders silently and, it must be confessed, sullenly. The youngsters in the other tank caught the spirit, and, like so many abeep, hopped onto the fence separating the tanks and sat there, but not silently or sullenly. They guyed one another, a d then began on the visitors.

"Say," called out a twelve-year-old, "is youse waitin' fer a bathin' suit! If you is, wait till me nigs dries a little an' you can have mine. "Twas made on the avenue an' is a peach, you bet." Thank you," called out the brunette. "I'll crowds of women and children stood on the

"Thank you," called out the brunette, "I'll take it. It's a beautiful suit—made just like a clown's, and those big red and yellow flowers on it look so pretty in the water. Who taught you to swim I'll

it look so pretty in the water. Who taught you to awim?"

"What cher givin' us? Guff?" sang back the girl. "Say, don't youse know me? I'm called Neilie, the tough girl of the First ward, an' I'm a-goin' to dis bath five years. See? De first day? I ever come here I jumped over in de dinkey little pool an' says: 'Neilie, swim for yous life,' an' didn't I? When I went home dat day? I could swim, an' when I went home de nex' I could float, an' when I went home de nex' I could float, an' when I went home de nex' I could float, an' when I went home de nex' I could float, an' when I went home de nex' I could float, an' when I went home de nex' I could float, an' when I went home de nex' I could float, an' when I went home de nex' I heavy weight sitting on the rope.

The heavyweight gave a shriek and tumbled into the water with a splash and a gurgle like a sinking ferryboat. That was the signal for the others to follow, or, at any rate, they did, and one by one they tumbled, dived, or fell into the tanks.

"That stout lady that Neilig scared off her

one by one they tumbled, dived, or fell into the tanks.

"That stout lady that Nellie scared off her roost," explained one of the attendants to the visitors, "has been coming here seventeen years. She comes at 5 o'clock every morning, and whn the weather is intensely not comes again in the afternoon. She says not even a death in her family, unless it were her own, would keep her away from here a single day from the time the bath opens until it closes; and she also says that she takes the baths to reduce. She has been growing steadily stouter since I've been here, but no one can say that it is because she doesn't stick to her treatment."

"Do many people come to bathe at five in the morning I' asked one of the girls.

"Oh, yes," answered the attendant, "a great many women come at that hour, and lots of them bring their babies and take them in. It's touching to see the little mothers, as we call the big sisters, who take their baby brothers and sisters in. You see there are several in the children's pool now."

"Yes, look at the little girl floating around

ren's pool now."
es: look at the little girl floating around
the haby sitting on her," exclaimed the
cirl. "Isn't it too sad I Poor little mothers!
can't even have the pleasure of a free
without taking their responsibility along
it." h it. Bosh! They enjoy being human ferry boats," I the other girl, as the little tot began to an on the backs of the big girls as they swam

jump on the backs of the big girls as they awam along.

"Of course," continued the attendant, "you see more people here now than at any other hour, because more come between 2 and 6, but you see the girls hero from that time until the bath closes at 9. The shop girls and factory girls from the far west side, the east side, and even from Brooklyn come then. They are fine swimmers and most of them have bought suits," she added with pride. "We do not allow any children under 14 here after 5. If we did there are shavers in that tank that would live in the water. Say, Therese," she called to a little figure that was just about to dive from the fence, "don't you dare come down here in that dress again. You must get a broner bathing suit."

thing sult."
replied Therese amiably, "but
lights good air through this," and kerwent right at the head of a fat woman arn to swim.

keep a sharp eye on the girls about

eve to keep a sharp eye on the girls about tills, explained the attendant, "for the py positively that every woman and girl e supplied with a proper suit. We try to our patrons modesty as we as along, and mes we strike a hard job." She disappear with this remark, and the tail girl exhins suits! proper bathing suits! per bathing suits! proper bathing suits! per bathing suits! proper bathing suits! er what they would call improper! Look tail, pretty girl in the bright red, short towars and the skintight wais! A prosition of the suits of it. And look at those big girls to long cambric skirts and that woman clown's suit on made of big flowered cre-Why, there isn't a skirt in that pool! bathing suits, indeed! bathing suits, indeed! but a girl you are," exclaimed the other, so of indignation. "These people are all and so are their suits. They aren't made it brilliantine, and they do without skirts to hoo! slik caps to keep their hair drysings to hide their feet and legs; but they you and healthy, and oh! so rood to each the out know, confidentially. "I'd like a sone know, confidentially." I'd like a sone in the like to have those girls show they aren't and each of them. I'd like to have those girls show they aren't and sone fittle. Short trousers and an example of them. I'd like to have those girls show they aren't and sone fittle.

down and coming up with a big weed in her mouth. "This ain't so wus."

"That's an interesting little character about to dive from one of the ropes," said the attendant coming back. "She is deaf and dumb, and everybody loves her and takes an interest in her. She comes every day of the week and comes and goes alone. She is only nine, and learned to swim here three years ago."

The little deaf mute saw that ahe was being watched and began to show off with great zest. She floated with her head on one arm, then swam up and down with long, graceful strokes. Next she went at it dog fushion, and then mounted the fence and leaped into the water with a bird-like upward motion, coming up and poising herself like a sea nymph.

"Why, that child is all but amphibious," cried the merry girl.

"Yes," said the attendant doubtfulls."

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"Why, that child is all but amphibious," cried the merry girl.

"Yes," said the attendant doubtfully, "and she is a mighty nice, refined child. We all keep a sharp lookout for her. We had 2,000 women and children here last Monday, 2,500 on Wednesday, and 3,000 on Friday. It's amaxing how well they obey the rules. In all the years we three attendants have been here we've never had any trouble, and I have never heard an unkind or quarrelsome word in the pool. They whoop things up and have lots of fun with each other, but they are never disorderly. No person is allowed to remain more than twenty minutes, and In case of a great demand for the baths when the keeper rings the bell all persons must leave the water and dress. I must say we permit them to remain in over the allotted twenty minutes when there is no reason why they should come out, but the minute we see that a bather is getting chilled we make her come out. A polloeman is in attendance to enforce order when requested by the keeper, but we never have to call on him.

"Say, my lady fren's," sang out Nellie, the tough sirl, spouting like a young whale, "youse ain't gon' widout takin' a dip in de pier, the Narragansette of dis city, is youse I Me and me fr'en' here," pointing to one of the girls wearing a flowered cambric skirt, "will len' youse our custumes."

"We are a thousand times obliged," said the

"We are a thousand times obliged," said the merry girl, laughing, "but we can't go in to-day, I speak for your suit the next time I come, though," and off she went with a smiling good-by for all.

cooling Beverages That May Be Prepared with the Aid of Fruit Juices. When the mercury is not satisfied to remain at summer heat, but creeps up until almost out of sight, there arises a mighty desire for cold

drinks something cooling, refreshing, and pal-atable. With the markets filled with tempting, julcy fruits, one need not be at a loss to have wholesome and refreshing beverages always at hand. To make strawberryade, wash half a pound of sound, ripe berries and bruise them with a silver spoon. Rub into them four ounces of

sifted sugar and one gill of water. Press the mixture through a sieve, add a pint of water and the juice of half a lemon; filter through a piece of cheesecloth into a glass jar and stand beside the ice until wanted. Then mix it with ice-cold seltzer, apollinaris, or plain iced water.
For a fruit temperance cup, cut the yellow rinds from four lemons, very thin, and drop them in a large earthen bowl. Squeeze the juice from one dozen lemons onto the peel and add two pounds of granulated sugar to the juice; cover and let it stand over night. Into another bowl put a poeled and shredded pineapple and one quart of small fruits such as strawberries, cherries, and raspberries, taking about an equal amount of each fruit. Cover the fruit with sugar and let it stand over night. In the morning crush thoroughly the fruits and strain the liquid into the lemon syrup. Add one pint of freshly made cold tea and put the mixture in a cold place for several hours. When it is desired for use add two quarts of feed water for this amount of fruit juices. Charged waters may be

To make a refreshing summer drink, to two pints of water add one pint of granulated sugar. Place over the fire long enough to entirely dis-solve the sugar; take it from the fire and add to the syrup the juice from three fine lemons and the grated peel of one, the inside of one orange and one pineapple peeled and picked into pieces. Let the liquid mixture stand until partly cooled and then strain through a coarse sieve, rubbing as much of the fruit through as possible; then place it where it will become perfectly cold. At serving time add to the liquid a

An excellent drink is made from raspberry Hruise the fruit with a spoon and one tart orange. Hruise the fruit with a spoon and add one pint of water. Let it stand two or three hours. Meanwhile dissolve three-fourths of a pound of granulated sugar in one quart of boiling water and let this become cold. Rub the fruit through a fine sieve and add it to the cold syrup and serve with shaved ice in the glasses. Strawberries and currants may be used in the same way, only with the latter fruit more sugar is required. For a fruit lemonade put one and one-half pints of sugar into a saucepan with one quart of water. Place the pan over the fire and cook until the sugar is dissolved. Peel and grate one pineapple, and add to this one banans, sliced, half a cup of chorries, from which the stones have been taken, and the same quantity of grapes cut into halves and seeded. Add the prepared fruits to the syrup when it is taken from the fire, and when the mixture is cold add the strained juice of two oranges, half a pint of lemon juice, and the same quantity of the juice from berries. When perfectly cold add shaved ice and some water. Serve in glasses with a spoon.

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strained juice of two oranges, half a pint of lemon juice, and the same quantity of the juice from berries. When perfectly cold add shaved ice and some water. Serve in glasses with a spoon.

There are many desirable cold drinks that may be kept at hand which are not made of fruits. Iced chocolate is an especially good one. To prepare it put into a norcelain-lined or granite kettle four ounces of finely powdered, unsweetened checolate and six ounces of granulated sugar. Add one quart of water and, when they are well mixed, place the kettle over a moderate fire and allow the contents to boil until the liquid is of the consistency of a thick syrup. Take it from the fire and stir the mixture frequently while it is cooling. When cold flavor it with vanilla extract and serve in tall tumblers partly filled with cracked ice, adding a couple of spoonfuls of whipped cream to each tumbler. This chocolate syrup can be kept in glass jars in a refrigorator and will remain good for a long time.

Among beverages flavored with something more than the julices of fruits the following fa excellent: Into a pitcher put the yellow rind of a lemon, cutting it as thin as possible from the fruit and rejecting the white, bitter part. Add the juice of the lemon and atablespoonful of good Jamaica rum. Blend with these ingredients two teaspoonfuls of granulated sugar. Place a good-sized piece of ice in the pitcher, pour over the whole a bottle of ginger ale, mix well, and serve at once.

To make pineappie cheer, wash a pineapple, peel the fruit, and then with a sliver fork begin at the stem end and pick it into small pieces. Put the pieces into an earthen dish and cover them and let them boil to extract the flavor. Then strain the liquid through a fine sieve over the piexed fruit. Let this stand in a cold place several hours before adding a quarter of a pound of sugar and a bottle of hock. When these are well blended and it is time for serving add one bottle of seltzer. Serve cracked ice in the water by heating them together, thus making a

From the Chicago Record. Evanston society people are planning for a "bird fetc." The women of the First Presbyterian Church will have charge. The Somers residence, at Chicago avenue and Sheridan road, will be used. Many Evanston society women are interested in the enterprise, among them being Mrs. Morris, Mrs. Hypes, Mrs. Hall, and Mrs. Spalding. There will be bird dances in cost ame, bird music, and bird plays, both in the afterneon and at night. The object is to interest people generally in the birds, and then to follow up the work done by the public schools.

From the San Francisco Chronicle.

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Mrs. Emily Duncanson of Chino, a divorced woman about 45 years of age, was recently committed to the Highlands Insane Acylum. Her hobby seemed to be sontimentalism, and she tried to make love to several men at the hospital. Then she was taken before Judge Oscar for commitment to Highland. They were taking tostimony as to her insanity when she suddenly asked the gallant jallor. Jesse Case, for a kine. The Judge Immediately remarked that that was sufficient evidence of her insanity for him, and the commitment was made.

OBLIGING MR. DRIFTER.

Me Traveled 320 Miles to Match a Ribben fo

of the boys at the club were chaffing Drifter the other night about his devotion to wo mankind in general, when one of the youngsters, who took a hand in the badinage, said:
"Why, Drifter is never happier than when he is holding some woman's parcels or doing the gallant on a street car. I honestly believe he'd

"Right you are, you cub," said Drifter, "and what's more, as long as Drifter can navigate he'll be at the service of the ladies. The truth of the matter is, I've lived a part of my life testhing haby was rarer music than couuld be itan Opera Company, and as for shopping with a woman! Pshaw, youngster! I've travelled 320 miles to match a bit of ribbon and buy a pair of gloves for a woman, and I thought no more of it than you dawdlers do of calling a cab in Fifth avenue for a girl of your acquaintance." Of course Drifter was called upon to explain.

find pleasure on a shopping tour with his

mother-in-law."

"Talk about dancing attendance on women, e said. "When I was up in the Lake of the Woods country in 1883, and put in my time out at the mines or exploring along Rainy River out at the mines or exploring along Rainy River and Rainy Lake with a few good fellows, we thought nothing of a day's tramp over the packed loe on the Bake with the temperature knocking around 40 below, just to get a chance to hear a white woman say 'I'm glad to see you. There were, perhaps, half a dozen women all told at the little Hudson Bay post in those days—the hotel man's wife, the doctor's wife, his sister, the daughter of the agent at the Hudson Bay Company's store, and the wife of the man who ran the only steamboat on the lake in the summer."

those days—the hotel man's wife, the doctor's wife, his sister, the daughter of the agent at the Hudson Hay Company's store, and the wife of the man who ran the only steamboat on the lake in the summer."

"Those men must have been brutes to compel a woman to stay in such a place," said one of Drifter's audience.

"Not so fast," said Drifter. "That place was a woman's paradise, winter or summer. I have learned that every woman, young or old, whether a belle in fashionable life, a miner's helpmeet out in the gold digginra or a comely squaw on the Rainy River reservation, has a fondness for deforential treatment at the hands of men. Well, as we averaged about twenty-five men to every respectable girl or woman between Port Arthur and Winnipeg on the line of the Canadian Pacific Railway, it's safe botting that each of those women could have pretty nearly anything she expressed a wish for."

"And about that 320-mile trip for a ribbon and a pair of gloves!" queried the dissespectful cub who had started Drifter on this tack.

"Oh, yes. Well, I'm married now, settled down; have twinges of rheumatism or gout once in a while, and like New York pretty well," continued Drifter, "but I'd walk that 320 miles in moccasins on a Northwest prairie right now for the same woman under circumstances such as I am about to describe.

"Never mind her name. She was a dainty black-eyed, rosy-checked, young wife and mother. Brought up in an old Canadian town, he had been surrounded not only with comforts, but luxuries, all her life until she married a glant of a Russian who had come to the New World to make his fortune. Something went wrong with them at home, and he came out on the C. Br., where, at the time I speak of, he was station agent and yardmaster in that widerness.

"It took a pretty brave man to stand the trials of winter in those diggings, but for a woman—well, this particular woman was a brick. She followed her husband as soon as he wrote for her to come. She looked as much out of place in the crowd of lumbermen, miners, half-b

were trying times for mother and baby. Weil, of course, that husbandloved her. Who wouldn't? She never murnured. She never complained of the fierce cold, of the deprivation, or of the rough life. We all made friends with the baby, and as for the mother—she was the good angel of the camp.

"One day the hotel man's wife told us boys that she intended to have a dance at the hotel. It's to be a real nice respectable time, she said, 'not one of the blow-outs you have in the lumber, camps or out on the prairie. Not one of you men is to have a drink until the affair is over and you must slick up in your best clothes. If there was one of us hardened sinners there were a dozen who sneaked one at a time up to the little house on the hill and asked the station agent's wife to come to the dance. I know I quarrelled with two of my best friends in the camp because I told them they were intruding. They gave me a dressing down, and even went so far as to go to the husband and ask him to pick out an escort for his wife; it being well understood that he had no time for anything but work and sleep.

"Two days before the dance I went up to the house to see how the baby's latest tooth was coming on, or something of that sort. The mother looked bluer than the baby's eyes. I heard her sigh once or twice, and at last she said:

"Do you think it's wrong, Drifter, for a young

said:
"Do you think it's wrong, Drifter, for a young woman to want pretty dresses and hats and gioves and ribbons, and to fix herself up once in a while, even though she is buried out here in a

Pshaw. I said. You always look pretty enough to eat, and so does the baby, and—"Yes, she said, with a shade of petulance. But I do want to go to that dance just as if it was at my old home. I haven't a decent pair of gloves to my name, nor a ribbon sash of the color I want. And there's no way of my getting them. I might as well wish for the moon. That was enough for me. 'If I get them in time will you go to the dance with me?' I asked.

"Of course I will,' she answered. But how foolish. You can't leave here for a woman's whim and take that long journey to Winnipeg and back." 'Can't Il' I exclaimed. 'See me.' I got a piece of the ribbon to match; took the size of her pretty little hand, and that night the only train out took Drifter to Winnipeg, 160 miles. At Winnipeg I astonished the clerks in all the stores, I guess, but I got that ribbon and a box of gloves, and the next day the train out took me back to the Portage, a round trip of 320 miles to oblige a woman, and that woman another man's wife.

"Yee," concluded Drifter, "and I'd de the same thing over again to bring as much happiness as that little wife displayed when she went to the dance, and probably reveiled in the fact that, wilderness though it was, ahe was the prettiest and best dressed woman in the estilement.

SHE BROKE THE ENGAGEMENT.

SHE BROKE THE ENGAGEMENT. The Jilted Lover Threatens a Suit to Becaver

Jewelled Garters and Other Presents. Lincoln, Neb., July 14.-The rupture of a love affair among Lincoln society people promises the most embarrassing results, since the jilted lover declares that he will have every one of the many costly presents which he ha given the young lady during a two years' court-ship. Among these presents are a number of

given the young lady during a two years' courtship. Among these presents are a number of
jewelled garters which the young lady refuses
to surrender. He threatens a replevin action
and the determination of the young man tesend an officer to scarch for the jewelled garters
and other articles, has caused the most animated discussions in local society circles as just
how far an officer might be excused in carrying on such a search in the direction where such
things may ordinarily be found.

It has all grown out of the engagement announced yesterday of Miss Grace Oakley, daughter of O. R. Oakley, and the Hon. Joseph Waish,
an attorney of Fort Huron, Mich. Miss Oakley
is a leading society lady and her family is one of
the finest in the State.

The printed announcement of the engagement
was the first intimation to Mr. Harry Lansing,
a wealthy Lincoln man, that the engagement
between himself and the young woman had
been declared off. The young man, through his
father, made a demand for sundry valuable and
coatly presents which he had given to Miss
Oakley during the past two years, but met with
a refusal. The presents are valued by him at
from \$500 to \$2,000, and include some jewelled garters and other things which it would
be difficult to recover without the young woman's consent.

The demand of the young man for the return
of his presents through his father has been followed up by a demand through an attorney,
who succeeded in recovering a souvenir clasp
pin and an expensive mandolin. The attorney
threatened a replevin suit unless the presents
were produced, but the young woman hinted
that perhaps they were not in her possession at
present.

From the Bar Harbor Record.

From the Bar Harbor Record.

A Bar Harbor man is building a high board fence at one side of Mrs. Oscar Stevena's lot in that village. Now doe! Mrs. Stevens retailate with a higher one or take occasion to make things disagreeable for the invader in other such ways! Not a bit of it. She suggests that the man on the other side put up a similar structure, so that she can use her yard for a pen, intimates that the fifty-foot, ten-feet-high matched board fence now going up will be a fine place for circus bosters, and then meekly remarks: "In the mean time, if you see a forlorn person sitting on top of a hideous ten-foot board fence, gazing up on to Mt. Desert street, remember it is no escaped lunatic, only a woman whose charming view of green lawns, elegant carriages, beautifully dressed ladies, and God's fresh air has been shut out, and she is 'sitting on the fence to see them go by."

HER WAY IN BUSINESS.

A GIRL PATENT SOLICITOR AND HER SUCCESS.

and Making More Money Every Year-Her Office and the Story of Her Rapid Progress -Odd Experiences with Skeptical Man.

They have a mascot down in the St. Paul building at 220 Broadway. She was the first person to occupy an office there, and she says that she moved in when things were in a "perfect muss." She is Edith J. Griswold, and she is said to be the only woman solicitor of patents in the United States; she is certainly the only on in this city. This woman's office is up on the fifteenth floor

and if she had rented it for the grand view of the harbor she could not have had a better one. But she did not. She rented it because it is an excellent office, with all modern improvements, for she believes in a woman starting out right in every detail if she would succeed in the busi-

When a Sun reporter rapped at the big glass door bearing the sign in big black letters, "Edith J. Griswold, Patents and Trade-Marks, Notary Public," a musical, girlish voice called out, "Come in." The owner of the voice was perched up at a deak with a huge volume i front of her, which she promptly closed and

"Is Miss Griswold in!" questioned the re-"I am Miss Griswold," answered the woman

at the deak. "I mean the Miss Griswold-Miss Griswold. the solicitor of patents," continued the reporter. "She and I are one and the same," said the girl at the desk with a laugh, "Don't apologize, I'm quite used to being taken for my own clerk

or an office girl or something of the kind, but I

assure you I'm years older than I look. Why, I've been in this business twelve years.' "That's just what I want to talk to you about," remarked the reporter. "Do you mind telling just what your business is and how you conduct it !"

"Not at all," she answered cordially, "I'm always willing to talk about anything that will help other women along or encourage them to help themselves. I love women, and I think they ought to help one another along in this world a great deal more than they do. Men stand up for one another and why shouldn't we! But that is not about my business, is it! It's just one of my ideas.

"How did I ever happen to go into this busi-

well But that is not about my business, is it?

It's just one of my ideas.

"How did I ever happen to go into this business? Just this way: I was graduated at the Normal College in 1883, and about that time Col. Foote started a school at Twenty-third street and Eighth avenue. Hoadvertised toteach girls to become civil engineers, and as I had always been a mathematician and a mechanic, I entered his school. Before I had been there three months he set me to teaching the boys trigonometry. That interfered with my own work somewhat, but it was delightful to show those boys a thing or two that a girl could do. It was in that school, however, that I learned to do patent office drawing, and that's how I came to go in this business.

"After leaving there I determined to earn my own living, much against my father's wishes, so I taught mathematics for a year in the Carlisle Institute, a private school, at \$5 a week. Just put that down, will you! Five dollars a week! During the afternoons I came downtown and drew for a mechanical draughtsman, and at the end of the school year I took a desk at 284 Broadway. From the very start I had good luck. Perhaps it was because I was about the only woman in the business, for many people who gave me work frankly owned that they did so just to see what I could do. Finally I moved to the Potter building, to be near one of ray best customers, a Philadelphia firm with a branch office here. Pretty soon the head of the firm said he was convinced that I would make a good patent solicitor, and he induced me to give up draughts. He then taught me everything I know in the patent soliciting business, or at least I learned it in his office, for I was there nine years and I still do work for him. The reason I left him was because my health wouldn't stand the strain, and then, anyway, I believe in business women broadening out and going it alone after they can stand on their own feet. There is more money in it, you know. I succeeded with that firm, making a very flow like to take such an office. Hav

know, and they frequently become my best clients.

"Tell me just what your business is," urged the reporter.

"Here I go, chattering away about myself," she began, her pretty face suffused with color. "Don't put me down as a chatterbox, for I'm really a very prosaic person. I obtain patents for people all over the United States and in forcing countries, having correspondence with all of the principal countries of Europe. I also give opinions on patents and trade-marks, search to see whether the former are valid, register the latter, and do exactly the work of a man who solicits patents. When Mr. Fowler was getting up his encyclopedia of advertising he asked me to write two articles, one on copyrights and the other on trade-marks. Though them I have gained a number of my best clients. "Do you know, ever since I took off corrects and things that pressed me years ago I've gone steadily up in business. To succeed, a woman must have blood in her brain, and how can she when her vital organs are squeezed beyond endurance? I'm a great athlete, and think a woman must be to get on well in the world. I've ridden a wheel ever since it was looked on as a freak for a woman to ride, and I am exceedingly fond of swimming, though I'n too busy to get to the shore often. However, I take a spin on my wheel every afternoon, and, in fact, do everything in the athletic line that is considered out of the way. Yes, I wear dress reform clothes and make them all myself. When I'm making loods of money, and I will some day, I shall go to an artistic dressmaker. I can't afford to do that yet, so make my own things in preference to going to a cheap one. A funny thing happened the other day. My little nice was playing with a little schoolmate, and, catching sight of me, the latter exclaimed:

"Do look at that woman! Doesn't she always dress funny?"

"Nelle, that's my aunt Edith,' said my nicee, with wounded dignity.

"Oh, I didn't mean that she looked funny,' hastily explained the ready Nellie, 'but that it was queer to wear a pink shitwaist "Tell me just what your business is," urged

hastily explained the ready Nellie, 'but that it was queer to wear a pink shirtwaist with a red dress.

"Nellie,' answered my niece, quite solemnly, 'I'm not sorry for my aunt Edith for the way she dresses, but for you for what you have said about her. She would only laugh at you, and then they went smoothly on with their game."

A client claimed Miss Griswold's attention and this gave the reporter an opportunity to observe her closely. The personality of a woman of such strong will and ability is not uninteresting. In figure she is just tall enough. Her waist has been untortured by corsets, and this has given her chest a chance to develop to an unusual breadth. She has short brown hair, which lies curled closely to her head, and her eyes are blue and bright and luminous. Her pink and white complexion glows with health, and a smile that means something filumines her face when she is discussing filings that interest her. She is modest and tacful and womanly.

"The examiners in the Patent Office at Washington are very nice to me," she went on as her client disappeared. "I never will forget one of the first trips I made there. I wasked in and said: 'I want to see one of the examiners about this case.' I was directed to Col. Seely, who then had the instruments of precision, but is now in the trade-mark department. He is a very large men and, though I am a tall woman, he seemed to tower about two feet above me. He peered 'way down in my face and said: 'What do you know about this case?' with most aggravating emphasis on the you. I was a little provoked and replied: 'I oughth' to know any more about it than you do,' in a tone that in tituated clearly that I did. He simply reared, but I got my case through, and it was a foreign one at that, and since then we've been great friends."

In response to the question as to whether she belonged to any women's clubs, Mise Griswold said:

one at that, and since then we've been great friends.

In response to the question as to whether she belonged to any women's clubs, Misa Griswold said:

"No, I belong to nothing except the Woman's Suffrage League, hot even to my alumnus association, though I never get done talking about what my training at the Normal College has done for me. Some recepter un that institution down, but I think a girl gets a very fine foundation for a business career there; some say the course is superficial. So it is in every institution in the country. Schools and colleges and universities are intended only to open the mind to knowledge. The students must do the rest, and most of this has to be done after school days are over. Oh, yes, I'm an ardent suffragist, I don't understand how any woman who has to support benedic can fail to be interested.

in this question, but when I canvassed with the Woman's Suffrage League book, trying to get the signatures of business women, I found them about evenly divided. One woman, who had a big typewriting office, employing six girls, actually signed without knowing what she was doing, and then sent me word she didn't believe in suffrage for women at all, and that she had something with which she could take her name off the book so that me one would ever know it had been there. I sent the book to her by an office boy and told her to take her name off, as we didn't want any such signers. Outside of the league the club that appeals to me most is the Rainy Day Club. But, dear me, I have no time for club life.

"When I'm not attending to my business I'm studying law. With whom! Why, alone. I read Blackstone and Kent with a lawyer, and he quizzed me on both thoroughly. So that gave me a good start. Since then I've taken up the Hornbook series, intended for beginners, and I intend to pass my bar examination as soon as I'm prepared. Of course, this will not make any difference in my business, except there are people who are silly enough to think that one knows more about patent soliciting for being a lawyer. That's nonsense. Law is intensely interesting to me, and I'm delighted when I get a chance to peg away at it for two or three days at a time. Sometimes I don't get a chance to touch it for three weeks, and I suppose if my business keeps on increasing that my bar examination will slip ruther and further into the future.

"I now have the laugh on the people who prophesied that I would not make my expenses here during my first year, for already I see that I made a mistake in not taking a much larger office and hiring an office boy. I have a daughtsman downstairs to do my drawing, and I give my typewriting out to several girls, but I need an assistant here for all that. For my part I find patent soliciting, taken in an all-around sense, as interesting and well-paying as any vocation a woman could select."

THE NEW SHAPE CORSET.

A Prenounced Change in the Model of the Pigure Predicted This Fall.

The fashionable modistes and women's tailors ave announced to their clients that they will fit gowns for next season only over the new shape corsets, while the cloak and mantle makers say that all garments for the fall and winter trade will also be modelled for figures wearing the same style. There is a most pronounced change from the old corset, whose chief end seemed to be to accentuate the length of the waist and to raise the bust.

The new corset has what the shop girls call noticeably narrow, the hips very full, and the bust entirely without formation. Except at the waist line the garment scarcely touches the figure at all. When worn the upper edge just reaches to the lower line of the bust, thereby leaving it fully exposed, but firmly held in place by the line of the corset and the upper class, which fastens immediately in the centre and little high up, it being the highest part of the

little high up, it being the highest part of the corset.

The hips and under arm pieces, being remarkably full, have a tendency to increase the width of the body, giving the wearer the fulness of figure so noticeable in French fashion plates, of course this increase of size just above and below the waist has a tendency to make it appear asmaller than it really is. The change will not be objected to by siender women, while, on the other hand, to women with a superabundance of flesh the new corset will be nothing short of an abomination which they will be slow to adopt.

A Chicago Girl Whose Way of Speaking Eng

From the Chicago Daily Tribune.

People who are under the impression that accent betrays not only the nationality but provincialism as well will perhaps be somewhat lisillusionised by reading the following incident. The experience is that of a Chicago woman who made a trip to New York a short while ago. Up to the time of her visit to the Eastern me tropolis she supposed that she spoke fairly good English. She read none but the best authors, and as her friends were all numbered among cultured people there really seemed no reason why she should not couch her sentiments in why she should not couch her sentiments in pure, substantial Anglo-Saxon. Neither did she affect an accent. At least, she was not aware that she did. After arriving in New York, how-ever, she learned that she not only had an ac-cent, but that it was a many-sided affair that

cent, but that it was a many-sided affair that was truly perplexing.

She attended a reception one evening where literary and artistic people predominated. The first person she talked with was a man with a bushy red beard and gold eyegiasses.

"I am so glad, madam," he said, in the course of the conversation, "to know that you are from my town. That Boston accent is bound to betray the speaker wherever it may be heard."

The Chicago woman flashed him one keen glance; then, seeing that he was in earnest, she said:

Chicago.

Soon after she began talking to an elderly "You are from Georgia, of course," said the older woman, "I can always tell a Georgian anywhere. There is nobody on earth who pro-nounces a's and u's like a person born and bred in that State."

And again was the Chicago woman forced to

proclaim the city of her nativity.

Later a young man commented on her accent.

Later a young man commented on her accent.

"From Nova Scotia, of course," he said pleasantly. "I hall from there myself, and it's a pleasure to see some one who speaks as they do ne. The minute you pronounced my name at home. The minute you pronounce it have you were from my part of the country. Nobody else could say it with just that accent."

Nobody else could say it with just that accent."

Nobody else could say it with just that accent."

Again she gasped out something about "Chicago."

A half hour later another man claimed her for a kindred spirit.

"Twe been lonesome and out of place tonight," he said. "Nobody here from my section of the globe. You're the first person I've met all evening that hal's from west of the Bocky Mountains. The minute I heard you speak I said 'Here's a woman from the far West.' We never lose our accent, it seems, wherever we may go."

Just before the reception ended the suave young man who stood at her side leaned forward and said:

"I'll drive over and see you some day, if you don't mind."

"You'll do what!"

"Drive over and see you. I'll wager we don't live more than ten miles apart. My home is in Robinson, W. Va., and you cannot live far away, An accent such as yours and mine is never heard outside our immediate vicinity."

They were on their way home at last.

"You'll be apt to have a caller to-morrow," said her cousin. "That young doctor from Montreal is anxious to know you better. He feels confident that you belong to his city. He says he was a sitracted by your accent from the very first. He's homesick and would like to talk to some one from his native town. I didn't tell him any difference. You.—"

But the Young woman gasped "Chicago" and fainted.

The Jubilee, Sarterially Considered.

The Jubilee, Sarterially Considered. Then, what was it that lent character and dis-

tinctiveness to the other members of the procession! After making due allowance for the sunshades and for the inches of the guardsman

cession! After making due allowance for the procession! After making due allowance for the sunshades and for the inches of the guardaman who headed the line, there can be but one answer, and that is—attre! The tailor was justified of his works. The representatives of Australasia were the most popular body in the procession. Why! Because their tailors have succeeded in evolving a uniform at once becoming—auiting their physical requirements—and picturesque. The sorgrousness of Eastern drapery, the contrast of black faces with hine and red cloth, the splendid covering of the splendid men of our own troops, the magnificent uniforms of the princes of our own and other European countries, all added to the grand panorama of dress which hundreds of thousands went out to see and were delighted with. But, if there were no tailors! The thought of such a hiatus in the world's provision for its inhabitants' requirements is appailing. It takes nine tailors to make a man, does it! Nonsense. A tailor can make amen, does it! Nonsense. A tailor can make nine men amonth, and keep on at it, too, if jubilees did not interfere with business and seasons come to an end before their time.

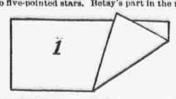
In my opinion the lesson of the jubilee was a many-sided one. In the first place it gave the London exponent of the art of dressing—not merely clothing—the human form divine valid reasons for having a good conceit of himself. The success of the pageant, of any such pageant, must in a large measure be accredited to the tailor, for, in such a multitude of notabilities, the clothes they were were the great factor in making them the splendid pleture they presented, if for the unstitude of notabilities, the clothes they were were the great factor in making them the splendid pleture they presented, if for the unstitude of mathonal dress fortuned a study such as the procession itself as in the greatest feature of the lesson was the possibility that was offered of observation and comparison, not so much in the procession itself as in the grant so mathonal dr

From the Louisville Evening Post.

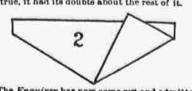
Sterling C. Brewer and Miss Elizabeth Lane, a couple from the country, were married in this city last even-ing. The groom is 82 years of age, while his bride, who is an exceedingly comely young woman, is ex-actly staty years younger.

BETSY ROSS VINDICATED. How She Could Have Cut a Star at a City fo

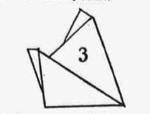
Some time ago the Cincinnati Enquirer at tempted to throw cold water on the time-honored story of Retay Ross and her responsibility for



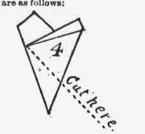
ing of the flag is supposed to have been the cut ting out of a star for each State in the Union and the fastening of it on a field of blue. The Enquirer, by means of diagrams, attempted to show that the feat of cutting a star at a clip was impossible, and intimated very strongly that, having proved this part of the Hetay Ross untrue, it had its doubts about the rest of



The Enquirer has now come out and admitted that Betsy was all right. That is because one of its readers, George W. Whipple of Ludlow, Ky., becoming indignant at the slight cast upon Betsy, sent in a solution of the problem. The accompanying diagrams show how the star may be made by anybody. The Enquirer, in admitting that Mr. Whipple has solved the problem, asys that he is the first, probably, who has done t, of course since Betsy's time.



Only a few years ago a Professor in the North American Academy offered a prize to any stu-dent who could accomplish the design with one cut of the selssors. The students worked at it for a year, but none of them succeeded in mak-ing the star. The directions furnished by Mr. Whipple are as follows:



First take a piece of paper 23 by 3 inches, fold it once in the middle lengthwise, then folding it with the fold down, turn up the lower right-hand corner, as shown in the diagram 1. Diagram 2 shows the lower left-hand corner turned up the reverse of No. 1. The third move is to double the left-hand side even with the fold on the right, and the fourth simply to turn the points from yourself and cut, as shown by the dotted line in diagram 4.

NOT EXECUTE A MARRIAGE TRUST. But Manana ty Judges Decide Upon a Scale of Fees for Colored Couples and Plain.

March.

"A's lookin' fah Jedge Henry, cos he'll ma'
us foh a dollah."

"O, he will, wil he!" spoke up Judge Henry.

"Who told you Judge Henry would marry you
for a dollar!

"Dey done tol' ma so down stairs."

"Is a dollar all the money you have!"

"Ya-aa, sah."

for a dollar?

"Dey done tol' ma so down stairs."

"Is a dollar all the money you have?"

"Ya-as, sah."

"Well, I've quit marrying people for a dollar. Those dollar marriages were no good. I siways had to undo them again afterward, and I don't get anything at all for that."

"Wha's dat! Is you de Jedge, mistah?"

Judge Henry nodded modestly. The darky looked him over, and the fact that the eminent jurist had on no coat, no collar, and no necktle seemed to meet with disapproval. But he said:

"Wa-al, mebbe I cud dug up a little of I has to, Jedge."

It required much feeling through different pockets, and much fishing up of small coin to make up, that amount, but finally Judge Henry's palm was full of "iddler's change," and he ordered the pair to Join hands. The epitomizel or hot weather version of the marriage service was said, and the couple departed as man and wife.

Judge Henry rejoined his companions, but the subject of broken heat records was not resumed.

The four Judges took up the theme of organized labor, and discussed the expediency of establishins 'a rigid schedule of charges for the service of officiating at marriages. It was decided that \$2 for negroes and \$3 for white people would be about right, but these figures were not definitely determined upon. No officers were elected, no arrangements were made for another meeting, and no plans for compelling other Judges to conform to the scale of prices were formulated, yet the session, to all intents and purposes, was a jabor meeting, and who shall say it does not mark the inception of a great reform!

"If a negro can't afford to pay \$2 to the man who marries him," said Judge Marsh, "he can't afford to get married, and he ought not to be encouraged to take a wife. Besides this, there is a crying need for some arbitrary price for performing the ceremony, so as to do away with the objectionable feature of jewing down. The Judge ought to have his price for performing the eremony, so as to do away with the objectionable foature of jewing down. The seemed to m

DOVES CROWING WISE.

An Old Saying Made False by the struggle for Existence Among Birds.

East Hampden, Me., July 16.—The doves which make their homes in the ischouses on the Penobscot River, below Bangor, have multiplied so rapidly this summer that they have been obliged to swarm and go outside to build their nests. Most of them went to barns and farm sheds, though a good number are building among the forked limbs of the red oaks, which grow near the shore. The nests are cruste affairs, made of sticks and mud, and are generally just up in groups of four or five. In general appearance they bear a close resemblance to the nests of the wild pigeons, which were very plentiful here fifty years ago.

The domestic dove is far ahead of the wild pigeon in matters of thrift and fecundity. The pigeons rearced from three to four broods of two each in a season and always moved to new nesting grounds as soon as the young were able to fly. The doves produce eight or ten broods in a year, occupying the same large flat nest in which the nearly fledged young and the newly laid ears lie side by side. The pigeons went south during cold weather and thus secured a perpetual food supply. The doves have not learned to migrate as yet, and many die from starvation during the cold weather. The fact that they have begun to utilize trees for sites for their nests indicates that they may soon acquire the habit of passing the winter in the south. For more than a century the country people have believed the oid rhyme:

When a dove shall light in a tree.

When a dove shall light in a tree. The lame shall walk and the blind shall see Now the doves not only alight on trees, but build their nests among the branches. For this reason people believe the doves will guin mi-gratory habits in the course of time, and even-tually supplant the wild pigeons, which are now practically extinct.

A PROBLEM OF FOOTGEAR.

WHAT SHALL A WOMAN WEAR WHEN SHE GOES BICYCLING?

Answer Wholly Satisfactory -Thin Stockings and Low Shors a solution That Slim Women Won't Listen To-High Boots, Leggings, and

Golf Stockings-Walf Hose from Paris. The average bicycle girl has not yet been able to settle entirely to her own satisfaction (and to that of mankind) just bow she should dress her feet and legs. She has given much thought to the subject and the problem is still unsolved. If the feet and legs of all the wheelwomen looked alike to the general public, there would never have been so much discussion about what looked im or slovenly on them. Comfort would have een the only thing worth considering. But slack and alas! There are all sorts, shapes, and conditions, and each case has to be dealt with dividually, as the teachers in the Truans

School say about their refractory pupils.

Four wheelwomen were talking over this matter the other day, and they looked at it from four distinct view points. That is to say, one was middle aged and more than stout—she was fat; another was middle aged, tall, and angular; the third was a tall, athletic girl, with symmetrical curves and lines, and the fourth was one of these trim girls, just plump and shapely enough to look half woman, half child, Nove how could this quartet be expected to agree ou how the feet and legs should be dressed for bleyeling ! The women didn't agree, and they made things protty lively in the parlor of the blg department store, where they sat resting as ter a shopping tour. The discussion all started

"It's a fine day for wheeling," remarked she of the Venus-like figure innocently.

"It's a fine day for wheeling," remarked she of the Venus-like figure innocently.

"Don't talk to me about wheeling in this warm weather," exclaimed the stout woman. "I'm going to give it up until fall, and simply because my feet and lower limbs are so uncomfortable. I just can't stand those high boots, even if they are made of the thinnest of kid, when the mercury is playing tag with the 100 notch." You don't mean to say that you still cling to high boots!" broke out the trim little girl. "Why nobody wears them any longer. The thing to wear a-wheel nowadays is silk or lisle thread stockings and either ordinary low shoes or patent-leather pumps, such as men wear for dancing. Loggings, high boots and golf stockings have had their day, so far as wheelwomen are concerned. Why, haven't you noticed that all of the women who ride have discarded them!"

"I have noticed that a great many have done so," answered the stout woman, dryly, but I have also observed that the very stout women who wheel stick to high boots. People generally say that the high boot shows the shape of the leg just as plainly as if it wasn't there, and I'll grant this, but, for all that, women with fas legs look better with the boots than without. The leather holds the too, too solid flesh in place, and it does not jounce up and down when one pedals, as it does when the rider wears an ordinary stocking. As for the golf stocking, it is worse than folly for a stout woman to adopt that; so what is she to wear except a high boot made of the very thinnest kid that can be bought? The leather straps and buckles, English fashion. This buttoned boot does not fit so trimly about the ankle as a laced one, but it is more roomy and comfortable. All the same, it is shot as a stove in hot weather, and rather than have my feet and legs, "replied the trim girl," nobody would think of them."

"If women didn't make such mountains out of their feet and legs," replied the trim girl, notody would think of them."

"The Creator attends to that," retorted the stout woman b

But Manage by Judges Decide Upon a Scale of Fees for Colored Couples and Plain.

From the Kanaca City Times.

Persons contemplating marriage will do well to have their nuptials solemnized early, as there are signs of a combine among the Judges authorized to perform the ceremony. Should the movement started yesterday crystallized into something definite there will be a decided upward tendency in the nuptial fee.

Although the County Court is now theoretically in sessior in Independence, it has in fact separated into its component parts, each third self-assigned to the duty of keeping cool. Yesterday Judges Marsh and Chrisman dropped into the Court House to superintend the testing of the boilers. As the boliers are in the basement, the Judges went up in the elevator to the fourth floor and found a spot in the law library where there was a suggestion of a breeze.

A moment later Judge Henry, in quest of some rare authority on English jurisprudence, drifted in, and he was closely followed by Judge Guinotte.

The conversation had turned upon a certain not day in the summer of 1871, well remembered by all, when they were interrupted by the entrance of a very black couple. There was about the late arrivals the air of hesitancy and diffidence common to people about to be married for the first time, so there could be no question as to their mission.

The prospective groom sidled up to the quarted, and asked:

"Cud one o' youse tell me whar I cud find de Jedge!"

"What Judge do you want?" asked Judge Marsh.

"A's lookin' fah Jedge Henry, cos he'll ma'

Hersing a problem to very sloud to know how to dress your feet, but I tell you'f it as a puzzling problem to very sloud to know how to dress your feet, but I tell you'f it as puzzling problem to very sloud to terry will the well of the public three years age. You all the trim girl. "I've and a great study of the question since the wheelwoma a feet and legs.

"It is a puzzling problem to very sloud of the public three years age. You all the trim girl. "I've made a great stu

rarely see a pair. Last summer the women, with usual womanly endurance, wore the high boots, but they began to make a general kick about it, and before the summer was over a few brave spirits turned their caives out of winter quarrely and their their services out of winter quarrely and their feet and such as a partition. It would not be broader minded and to regard their feet and lucky seven that did it, or is it that the wheel is teaching women to be broader minded and to regard their feet and legs as a legitimate part of their bodies! At first they swathed them in heavy gold atoekings, which are exceedingly clumsy look look like a shank of mutton, besides being only a degree cooler than a boot. But they've been sensible enough to send the golf stocking the way of the legxing and high boot, and its death knell has sounded. The most comfortable, most feshionable, and most stylish way to dress the feet for cycling is the one now most in vogue, and that is the wearing of thin stockings and they were the ordinary lies."

"There's one thing certain," said the angular woman as the trim strl singped to catch her breath, "and that is that the death knell of the golf stocking will never be sounded so long as there are thin women to ride wheels. I hate the sain like look large, don't they do make one's sain lies look large, don't they do make one's sain lies look large, don't they do make one's sain lies look large, don't they do make one's sain lies look large, don't they do make one's sain lies look large, don't they do make one's sain lies look large, don't they do make one's sain lies look large, don't they do make one's sain lies look large, don't they do make one's sain lies look large, don't they do make one's sain lies look large, don't they do the same for the calf. First, you know, we could only obtain them with feet, but so many leople objected to them because they could not wear wool next to their skin that the footless golf stocking soon make it as any large side the sain large side that any large side that